

LETTER TO A YOUNG FRIEND

THE

CHILD'S FRIEND.

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NO. 1.

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DEAR ALICE—You ask me to give you my opinion of the comparative advantages of a country and city residence, and add that you are quite sure it will be in favor of a life in the country. I should agree with you if peace and tranquility and the enjoyment which belongs to the possession of your own time and thoughts were the only question.

It does seem not only as if "God made the country and man made the town," but also as if it must be the will of God that we should live in the country, and as if his laws must be violated by living in the town.

The discordant sounds, the ugly sights, the fœtid atmosphere of a city, are all contrary to the provision made by the Creator for the happiness of his children. The undulating hills, the waving grass, the songs of birds, the rich perfume of "incense breathing morn,"

and all the countless glories and beauties of the visible world ; all these seem to be, and doubtless are, the enjoyments which the Father of all meant for all his children. The city does seem a monstrous thing that never should have been. I can never think of a large city without groaning in spirit at the thought of its concentrated wickedness and misery. Yet if I were forced to give up any particular portion of my experience in life, that which I have met with in the city would perhaps be the last.

Some of these I will try to recall, and you may perhaps find some use in them if they help to teach the great truth that the human soul is the most beautiful, as well as the most precious thing in God's world.

I begin with what first occurs to my mind.

One dull afternoon when I was in the city of New York, I was musing upon the dreary expression of the bit of sky I could see from my window, and wishing for a wider view, when the door-bell rang, and presently a colored man and woman entered. The man was good looking and well dressed, and seemed happy and confident ; the woman was decently but meanly clad, and looked anxious and depressed. The man spoke first and told me their purpose in coming. He said that the woman was a slave, that her master had given her leave to come to New York for the purpose of collecting money enough to buy her freedom, and that she wanted such aid as the charitable were disposed to give. I asked her how such a thing could be.

She replied that she had always been a good and faithful slave, and that once when her master was sick he had promised her that after seven years he would

give her her freedom ; that when the time came, he told her that his business had been so unfortunate and his property so much diminished that he could not afford to give up so valuable a slave, that she was worth seven or eight hundred dollars, but that if she would give him three hundred she should have her freedom. She told him if he would let her go to New York, she had friends there, who would help her beg the money, and that as soon as she had got it she would return with it to him. He consented, and she came to the city, "And this man," she added, "is one of the friends who I knew would help me get the money."

I replied, "I suppose you know that here you are free, that your master has no right to you here, that you might leave him if you would."

"Yes," she said, "I know that, but I have given my word and that is bond enough ; I told my master that I would return as soon as I got the money, and I shall."

"Have you had a hard life?" I asked.

"Not very ; I have been a lucky slave ; I have never been whipped."

"Have you a husband?"

"I had a husband," she answered.

"Have you any children?"

"I don't know," she replied, and an expression of great agony came over her face. "I had," she continued, "two boys, and when one was ten and the other twelve years old, they were taken from me to be sold," and then with a sort of scream she added, "when they did that, I did not care what became of me. I have never heard since of my boys, for they were carried off to Georgia and I have been a slave in Virginia."

"And you mean to go back to the man who did this thing to you?"

"Yes, ma'am, for I have given my word that I will, and I must be as good as my word."

Sometime afterwards I heard that this faithful creature succeeded in getting her three hundred dollars and carried it back to this sordid being, who had however so much of honesty left, as to fulfil this his last promise, and gave her her liberty, but took all her money. He had before robbed her of her youth, her early strength, her children, the joy of a mother's life, and then stripped of all that could make existence desirable, he relinquished his usurped claim over the poor worn out body that had been spent in his service. I was rejoiced however to learn that after much effort she at last found her sons, but both of them slaves.

But to return to my parlor in the city. After this truly high-minded being had left me, of how little consequence place seemed to me! The thought of the fidelity of this poor injured, untaught woman to her tyrant master who had broken his solemn promise to her, the idea that because she had not been whipped she was a lucky slave though she had been so cruelly robbed, that few of the three millions of slaves in our land were so well off as she, the burning indignation that filled my soul at the recollection of her oppressed race, all these thoughts made me feel that, that was the best and most desirable place where I could do most for my fellow beings.

The whole visible world could not have taught me such a lesson of truth and fidelity to duty as this poor slave had taught me; and all the boundless freedom of

the winds, mountains and streams could not have so inspired my soul with a deep hatred of all tyranny as did the simple story of her wrongs and of her unmanly master, who in my mind's eye I saw pocketing the money given him by this faithful soul and turning her out a beggar from the house she had helped to support by her industry. The lesson she had unconsciously preached to me that afternoon in the city was more to my soul than any I could have learned from stones or running brooks. No disparagement to running brooks, or the music they make with the stones; I love them well, and to me "nothing is so like the voice of a spirit as the sound of the wind through the pine trees," but yet it is true that the simplest human soul enfolds in its recesses more glory and more beauty than the whole visible creation.

"But," you will say, "think of the vice and crime in the city, and the ruin and degradation of the human soul." True, but even in the worst scenes you find something redeeming, something to bind you still closer to your fellow men—but of this in another letter if you are not weary of reading this.

E. L. F.

HOW TO HAVE A PLEASURE.

I BEG of you, my young readers, not to skip over these pages, though I am afraid you will, when you begin to see that no story is coming, but that instead, a little advice is to follow, a medicine which young persons will avoid

taking if they can. I will however venture upon giving a small dose, and perhaps some one who is earnest to hear all that may be said or prescribed to keep the heart healthy and free from those terrible disorders, such as listlessness, ill humor, anger, envy, selfishness, &c. &c. may be very willing and glad to take a small or a large dose so that it make them better.

Let me begin by saying what I am *not* going to advise, and then perhaps you will feel less reluctance at accepting the prescription. I am not going to tell you to be obedient to your parents, for that I trust you already know you ought to be, neither do I mean to say to you that kindness to your brothers and sisters or to any one who lives under the same roof with you is the best thing to make a happy home and a happy heart, for kind words and kind tones are the house plants which bloom in winter as well as summer; neither do I mean to advise you to be helpful to those who are smaller than yourselves, using your superior powers and strength for good purposes and not for bad; neither do I mean to tell you not to speak in loud tones, nor interrupt others when they are speaking, for surely you have been told the ugliness of these things by your best friends and if you have not heeded their advice you will not heed mine.

The advice I wish now to give you is about your pleasures; methinks I see your eyes shine and your faces all attention to learn what advice can be given upon this subject. Children and pleasure have much to do with each other, and children are apt to think they know as much about pleasure as birds do about singing, and so they should, but I often see young folks who are not so happy as they ought to be; there is a something wanting in their hearts

to make their lives what they should be, always cheerful. To all young people every rising sun brings much to make them happy, from their mother's kiss in the morning till the parting one at night. The tears come only now and then, while the laughing and the merriment come every hour : but there are other pleasures than those which make us laugh ; some pleasures seem to come from a secret place within, where we feel no eye can enter. In this secret place we have certain sort of pleasures that are not like our every day enjoyments which come and go with the sun, 'tis here we feel a certain something that gives sweetness to the flower and adds music to the song of the birds, and that makes us love our mother best when we confess to her that we have done wrong. It is here where angels seem to come and live with us and where I would remind my young friends is the only place for lasting pleasures ; the pleasures that spring up here do not grow old, and the more they have of these the more do they understand what is meant by heaven. I will now speak only of one of these angel pleasures, and advise them to ask whether they have ever thought much about it.

Angel means messenger and therefore this pleasure I call angel pleasure because it is a pleasure going from one heart to another heart. It is the pleasure of giving, which I mean, the pleasure of bestowing upon another something that will show them that we love them. I have known some young people grow up without knowing anything whatever of this pleasure ; while they were constantly receiving every thing themselves, never doing anything in return. Taking all and giving nothing, it seems as if such children must be mean, but I believe it is thoughtlessness in them, and I should hope that such would no

longer be willing to go without this heart pleasure. This pleasure can be enjoyed at all periods, from the time the child of a few months holds out with a smile its bit of bread to the person it loves that they may have a part, to the age when it can feed and clothe those who are in want, or share their poverty, or their riches with another. Those who have never learnt this pleasure, who have never had the satisfaction of feeling they have imparted something of their own to another, are without one of the highest enjoyments that belong to this life, and do not yet understand what treasures God has bestowed upon them.

S. C. C.

SONG OF THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL.

I.

Buy my flowers, O buy, I pray,
The blind girl comes from afar.
If the earth be as fair as I hear them say,
These flowers her children are!
Do they her beauty keep?
They are fresh from her lap, I know;
For I caught them fast asleep
In her arms an hour ago,
With the air which is her breath,
Her soft and delicate breath
Over them murmuring low!
On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,
And their cheeks with her tender tears are wet.
For she weeps—that gentle mother weeps
(As morn and night her watch she keeps

With a yearning heart and a passionate care)
To see the young things grow so fair;
She weeps—for love she weeps,
And the dew's are the tears she weeps
From the well of a mother's love!

II.

Ye have a world of light,
Where love in the loved rejoices;
But the blind girl's home is the house of night,
And its beings are empty voices.
As one in the realm below,
I stand by the streams of woe;
I hear the vain shadows glide,
I feel their soft breath at my side,
And I think their loved forms to see,
And I stretch my fond arms around,
And I catch but a shapeless sound,
For the living are ghosts to me.
Come buy—come buy!
Hark how the sweet things sigh,
(For they have a voice like ours,)
“The breath of the blind-girl closes
The leaves of the saddening roses.
We are tender, we sons of light,
We shrink from the child of night,
From the grasp of the blind girl free us;
We yearn for the eyes that see us.
We are for night too gay,
In your eyes we behold the day;
O buy—O buy the flowers!”

THE NAME OF REPROACH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

[THE following story is, we believe, true to the character of the famous Dr. Guillotin, whose name has become a part of history through such unenviable means. His object in inventing, or rather reviving the knowledge of the fearful instrument which bears his name was a benevolent one, though the researches of physiologists seems to show that he did not attain his end. We have thought it well that our young friends should know the terrible facts mentioned in the story, that it may increase their detestation of the barbarous practice of capital punishment. May the time soon come when it shall be banished from among nations who call themselves Christian!]

ONE evening, towards the end of the month of November, 1813, an old man might be seen, slowly pursuing his way along the Quay of St. Michael, towards the populous but poor quarter of Paris which surrounds the dark old Cathedral of Notre Dame. He was a little bent by age, and supported himself on an ivory-headed cane, and he wore a large broad-brimmed hat. It was almost dusk, but light enough yet remained to distinguish the benevolent sweetness of his countenance, as well as the expression of profound melancholy which mingled with it. The bustle of the crowd, the fresh air and the beauty of the evening seemed occasionally to give him pleasure; but then his gloom returned, and his features soon regained their look of sadness.

Notwithstanding his age,—for he could not be less than seventy-five—the old man soon gained the square of Notre Dame, and entered several mean-looking houses, mounting to the fourth and fifth story. In each he found a patient, for whom he prescribed, consoling them with kind words, and promising when he could, a speedy recovery. Their friends he praised for their good care, and seldom left the room without leaving on the shelf the means of purchasing the medicines he had prescribed, or bread for the next day.

When he had finished his work of charity, and had no more visits to make, or alms to give, he was approaching a coach, in order to be carried home, for he was very tired, when he heard a low voice near him asking charity. He turned and saw a young man.

“Why do you not work?” said he, “I cannot afford to help those who can help themselves.”

The beggar answered not a word, but turned quickly, and ran towards the Quay, and after a moment of hesitation or of prayer, was about to throw himself into the Seine, when he felt himself seized by the arm; it was the old man. He had comprehended the unhappy man’s intention, and had run as fast as age permitted, to save him from his mad design.

“Pardon me a moment’s harshness and forgetfulness,” said he, presenting a five franc piece. The young man gently repelled the money. “Better die to-day than to-morrow;” said he “the alms I solicited in a moment of weakness would only serve to prolong my misery another day.”

He strove to move, but fell exhausted on the pavement. The old man placed his finger on his pulse, and found

that it indicated violent fever, and by the light of a passing carriage, he saw the traces of severe illness marked upon his countenance. He saw by his dress that he was not a mechanic.

"Your state requires the care of a physician;" said he, "trust yourself to me and I will give it."

"I had rather die than go to the hospital;" replied the sick man.

"I shall not carry you there;" said the old man, "but to the house of excellent people, who are devoted to me, and will treat you as if you were their son. Come: don't give up to despair. Lean on me: old as I am, I can support you."

He presented his arm to the young man, who allowed himself to be led to the third story of a neighboring house, to a little apartment occupied by a poor ivory caryer.

"Madame Jeanne," said he to a woman about forty years old, "you have often expressed a wish to serve me. Here is an opportunity. This young man, a friend of mine is ill; will you receive him to board in your family till he recovers? In this purse you will find enough to purchase the necessaries he will require." "We will give up our own bed, sir, rather than any one you bring should sleep hard;" said the husband: and they immediately set about preparing a bed for the sick man, who could now hardly stand. After having assisted in undressing him, the doctor wrote a prescription and promised to return the next day. The next day he was delirious, talking to himself in a language which the Doctor recognised as German. For eight days and nights the good people to whom he was entrusted watched by his bed-side, and the doctor visited him twice or thrice a day.

At length their cares were rewarded. The fever and delirium passed away, and the patient could take a little food. It was a day of great rejoicing to the poor artisan and his wife, who had conceived an almost parental affection for the poor young man who owed so much to their care.

The convalescent's first words were to thank his hosts, and to ask the name of the charitable old man to whom he owed his life. What was his surprise when they told him that they did not know it. He was attending one of their neighbors, who knowing that Jeanne was sick, begged him to undertake her cure. He did so, and succeeded. One day when he was leaving their room, Antonie dropped two pieces of gold into his hand. "You should have seen his look of severity," said Antonie, "as he returned the money. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that I practise my art that you may give me the wages of a month's labor. You have lost too much time already in tending your wife!' He went out, almost as if he was offended, and we did not see him again till he brought you to us."

This story, which the good people told with affecting simplicity, accompanying each word with a grateful eulogium of their benefactor, touched the heart of the young man, and added to the gratitude he already felt for him. When he came that evening, he took his hand, pressing it respectfully to his lips, and said,

"I owe you my life! I owe you more: for it is through you that I have been saved from committing a great crime."

"Yes, my son," said the old man, "it is always a great crime to attempt to shun by suicide the trials which God imposes upon us, and even the injuries with which society

rewards the services we have rendered it. God will take account of the first, and for the second, we must revenge ourselves by contempt, or better still, by pardon."

The old man sighed with so much sadness, as he said it, that it was plain how many bitter recollections his words recalled.

"What!" asked the young man, "you so noble, so generous, so full of wisdom, have you to complain of the injustice of society?"

"Let us avoid wounds," said the old man, "which even a friendly hand cannot touch. Let us speak of your plans, now that you are recovering. What do you wish to do, and how can I be of any service to you?"

"I should owe you the history of my life," said the young man, "even if it included secrets; but it is one of the simplest and commonest. I was born at Vienna, the son of a professor of medicine, whose lectures added more to his reputation than to his fortune. He died poor, four years ago, leaving my mother no other resources than a small house, and the doubtful inheritance of a disputed property in Paris. I had studied under Soemmering, illustrious for his scientific attainments, I needed nothing but the acquisition of a small practice that I might live by my industry, and marry my cousin Maria, whom I loved. But young physicians have small chance of practice and fortune. After a year of ineffectual attempts and disappointed hopes, my mother advised me to go to Paris, and endeavor to recover the disputed inheritance. I went. Arrived in Paris, I examined the business, and found my rights incontestable. Yet they must be defended, and I had not money enough to fee a lawyer. Add to this, that I was in a strange country, where I knew not a single

soul. Then came the war between Germany and France, and I could not return, and I was only too happy that my obscurity prevented my being thrown into prison. I lived some time by giving German lessons to students, but then sickness came, and this last resource failed. Overcome—desperate, almost crazy—you know the rest sir,—I begged, and had it not been for you I should have died—yes, died a suicide!”

“Your father’s name is known to me, sir, notwithstanding our ignorance in France of the scientific labors of other countries. Medicine and natural history owe to him important discoveries.”

“My father directed his attention particularly to the nervous system. We owe to him the completion and verification of the investigations undertaken in this country, by Mojou, Castel, Cabanis, Petit, and Dr. Sue.”

The old man grew pale, and his voice changed, as he asked, “And what was the result of those investigations?”

“That of all the punishments, invented by man, there is none more painful than decapitation.”

The physician rose as if to conceal his emotion, and strove in vain to speak.

“Yes sir,” continued the young man, “my father had the courage to repeat the experiments of the physicians whom I just mentioned. To discover the secrets of nature, he went to the scaffold, and received the heads from the axe of the executioner. He came to the terrible conviction, that after decapitation, intelligence remains a long time unimpaired in the brain. Like Aldini, he demonstrated that the contraction of the muscles remains three quarters of an hour after death. He saw, a quarter of an hour after their separation from the trunk, the heads of crimi-

nals close their eyes, when exposed to the light. The tongue drawn from the mouth, and pinched with a needle, drew itself rapidly back, and the features wore an expression of pain. He proved that the organ of hearing remains impressible for some time. Twice have I seen with horror the heads of criminals turn their eyes to the side from which they were called.

The old man hid his face in his hands, and wept.

"I see my story gives you pain, sir. My father undertook these studies, in opposition to a French physician, the inventor of a cruel instrument of punishment, to which, by a just retribution, his name remains, and will remain attached—Guillotin."

The old physician rose with dignity: "Young man," said he, "leave calumny to the vulgar, and do not accuse a good man, on the faith of false and lying reports. That Guillotin whom you despise, and your father hated, Guillotin whose name is repeated only with disgust, Guillotin whose name, as you have said, will remain forever attached to an instrument of punishment, does not deserve this contempt, and shame, and ignominy. Listen to me; for the words that I shall speak ought to be heard once at least by a pure and generous heart.

"When the National Assembly was engaged in revising the criminal law, it proclaimed, as the basis of its labors, the principles of the equality of punishment for all classes of citizens, that the shame of crime should no longer attach to the family of the criminal, and finally the abolition of torture and of useless punishment. This Guillotin who is an object of execration even in Germany, who for six years pursued the same studies as your father, and who, whether right or wrong, had arriv-

ed at directly opposite results, proposed to substitute decapitation for the different punishments then in use, the wheel, the cord, and others. The head once separated from the body, he said, thought ends, and with thought, suffering. The nervous movements which feebly agitate the body are mechanical, and no evidence of sensation. Strong in this conviction, he proposed his plan, which was unanimously approved: nothing remained but to complete his work, a work of philanthropy, since its object was to render the sufferings of the victims of the law less cruel. He therefore pointed out, as the surest and least painful means of execution, an instrument, known in Italy under the name of *manaia*, described by father Labat, and known centuries ago, as is proved by an old picture of the Byzantine school. This was the crime of Guillotin! It is for this, that reproach pursues him! If they but knew his whole life—a life, he can with just pride say, without reproach, pure before God and men! But alas! they only despise and calumniate him!

“You shall know the history of his life, that there may be at least one voice raised in his defence. Born at Saintes, he was at first a Jesuit priest in the Irish college of Bordeaux. Afterwards he began the study of medicine, partly from love of the science, but chiefly from his earnest desire to be of service to his suffering fellow men. He practised with reputation and success, till the breaking out of the French Revolution. The physician of the body wished to become a physician of the mind, and to join in the great movement which promised to emancipate the nation. He published a pamphlet, entitled ‘Petition of the Inhabitants of Paris.’ It demanded that the representation of the Third Estate

in the assembly of the States General, should be at least equal to that of the two privileged orders together.

"This pamphlet excited much attention and the parliament called its bold author to account. He was acquitted almost with approbation, and an immense crowd attended him home, repeating with acclamations that name which is now only spoken with scorn and derision.

"The author of the pamphlet was next chosen one of the electors of the members of the States General, and joined in drawing up the 'Declaration of the rights of Man.' Still later he received the honorable commission to draw up a memorial on the sanitary reform of Paris, and the organization of the schools of medicine and surgery. It was then that he conceived the unhappy thought of a reform in criminal law.

"As a reward for all his labors, he was thrown into prison, when his companions in misfortune shunned him with disgust, and overwhelmed him with reproaches. He waited tranquilly for death, when the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor set him at liberty. Then he would fain have retired to America, but, forced to remain in his own country, he devoted himself to charity, he spread the knowledge of vaccination, he went from garret to garret, healing and comforting the sick, and if he is not happy, he has the comfort of knowing that he dries some tears, and makes others less unhappy. And now, my friend will you still reproach Guillotin?"

"He is an angel!" exclaimed Jeanne, "If ever I hear him ill spoken of!"—added her husband, rolling up his sleeves, and showing two brawny arms.

"I will consecrate my life to defending him, and combating the wicked prejudice," said the young German.

"Nothing can destroy that prejudice," sadly replied the old man; "the injustice has endured till now, and it will continue. My name is immortal—but what an immortality!"

"What matters it!" added he, after a moment's silence; "I shall find justice in Heaven, and I shall not long be here. There remains but little more in the bitter cup my lips have drunk so long."

His presentiments did not deceive him. Young Soemering on his return to Vienna, after gaining his cause, thanks to the aid of the benevolent old man, learned that on the 26th of May, 1814, Dr. Joseph Ignatius Guillotin died in Paris, aged 76.

W. P. A.

PHANUEL.

A HEBREW TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SOLOMON sat on the throne of his father David, and had built an house unto the Lord and dedicated it in the presence of all Israel. Also a youth named Phanuel, who dwelt with his mother in the valley of Achor, had had come up to this same feast at Jerusalem, where he had tarried seven days and worshipped. And it came to pass when he was returning to his cottage, that evening surprised him in the valley of Jericho, and he sat down by a palm tree which grew by the way side, being faint through the heat of the day and weariness. He thought of his mother and of the famine which dwelt beneath

their roof; and he said within himself; 'Gold and silver are as plenty at Jerusalem as the stones in the streets; abundance and luxury riot in her walls, while I and my mother perish from want.' So thought the youth, and a silent tear trickled down his cheeks. He sighed and a kindly slumber closed his moistened eye-lids, while the cool breeze of evening played with his dark locks. He lay thus until the third watch of the night, and he slept more softly upon the hard ground than Solomon on his Tyrian mats. When he again opened his eyes, behold a man high of stature stood before him, and saluted him with a friendly aspect. The golden locks streamed like sunbeams from his head; his eyes were like the eyes of an eagle; his dress was of the color of pale azure, and shone like midnight lightning.

'Who art thou, my son?' asked the stranger.—'Sir, I am a poor orphan; I have never lived in idleness for a single day, and yet I have seldom been able to provide bread enough for myself and my mother to last over the morrow.' So answered Phaniel, while he lifted up himself and bowed low before the reverend form. 'Be thou my servant,' said the stranger, 'so shalt thou have bread to the full, with costly wine and silken raiment.' Phaniel answered and said, 'Ah Sir, how can I leave the mother who bore and nursed me and who now lives only by the labor of my hands? If thou wouldst show kindness to thy servant, give me an alms that I may carry back from my journey something wherewith to refresh her spirit.' The man smiled, and said, 'I have no gold stamped by the hand of the coiner; but take these pebbles, carry them to the king's city and inquire for Korah the keeper of the king's treasure, he will buy them of thee.'—So spake the

shining one, and placing six pebbles in the right hand of Phanuel, passed away into the forest, without the youth's knowing whither he had vanished. But Phanuel laid hold on his staff and returned to Jerusalem, and inquired for the house of Korah the keeper of the king's treasure.

Now when Korah gave leave for him to be brought into his presence, he said unto him, 'Sir, I have been told that thou wouldst purchase of me these stones, and I have come to place them before thee.' Korah considered the stones, and perceived that they were rough opals, larger than any he had ever seen. Then was he wroth in spirit, and cried, 'These stones are worth more than a thousand shekels, from whom hast thou taken them away?' Phanuel answered with tears, 'As the Lord liveth, an unknown person delivered them unto me, when I was resting in Jericho beneath a palm tree.' Korah caused the youth to be bound and put him in prison; then went he unto Solomon with the stones and told him what had come to pass. The King caused the prisoner to be brought before him, and asked him concerning all things which had befallen him, and he perceived from his sayings that one of the heavenly ones had appeared unto him in order to take away from him his poverty. 'Unloose him,' said the king to the keeper of his treasure, 'and count out to him a thousand shekels, and set these stones into my royal crown. The Lord hath warned me through this youth, that I should seek out the poor in Israel and wipe away the tears from their eyes.'

And Solomon commanded all his officers, that they should give in a register of the needy in his kingdom, and he caused bread and work to be distributed among them, and a great house to be built for the sick and aged.

Now upon the day when the foundation of it was laid, the angel of the Lord appeared unto Solomon in a dream, and said unto him, 'Thus saith the Lord, thou hast builded for me a temple, the like unto which the world hath never seen; but the house which thou art setting apart for the poor, is yet fairer in mine eyes than the holy sanctuary with walls of gold, wherein thou hast placed the ark of my covenant. And behold, I am the stranger, who appeared three moons ago unto the poor youth, in order to remind thee of the affliction of thy brethren.'

Then the king sent forth his servants into the valley of Achor, and commanded them to call Phaniel unto him, and he said unto him, 'Friend, abide with me in my house, for the God of Israel hath chosen thee, to speak to me through thy mouth.' But the youth bowed his face to the earth and answered, 'My lord, O king, suffer thy servant still to dwell in the valley of Achor. There from the gold which thou gavest me I have bought fields and meadows and vineyards, and caused them to be tilled by my poor neighbors, and have divided among them the fruit of their labors.'

Then the king gave commandment to array the youth in goodly raiment, and he sent him away from him, and said to the men in authority who stood around his throne, 'Phaniel is wiser than I; his own godly heart hath instructed him in that which it was necessary for the Lord to teach me by an angel.'

L. O.

TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

WHY dost thou talk of death, Laddie?

Why dost thou long to go?

The Master that has placed thee here

Hath work for thee to do.

Why dost thou talk of Heaven, laddie?

What wouldst thou say in Heaven?

When the Master asks, "What hast thou done

With the talents I have given?

"I gave thee wit and eloquence

Thy brethren to persuade;

Where are the thousands by thy words

More pure and holy made?

"I gave thee wealth and power

And the poor around thee spread;

Where are the sheep and lambs of mine

That thou hast reared and fed?

"I placed thee in a land of light

Where the Gospel round thee shone;

Where is the heavenly-mindedness

I find in all my own?

"And last I sent thee chastisement

That thou mightest be my son,

Where is the trusting faith which saith,

Father, thy will be done?"

ANON.

A LETTER TO FRANK.

OHIO, ——— 1846.

DEAR FRANK—I promised to tell you about Ohio and I will tell you something which occurred in Ohio, not five years since.

Do you know that a bright, beautiful angel is ever watching over you? When your tiny hands were first stretched out after, you knew not what; when your little eyes first looked upon the glimmering lamp which lighted the room in which was your cradle bed, it was then, God sent that beautiful angel to watch over you. When you smiled it smiled, and when sickness and pain made you cry, a tear of pity from the kindly beaming eye of that guardian angel mingled in sympathy with yours. When you began to walk, it was ever with you, for "God has given his angels charge to watch you lest you dash your foot against a stone."

Do you remember how happy you were, when in the country playing in the green grass meadow; where the wild flowers were springing at your feet; and the butterfly dancing in the sunbeams over head? The birds sang so sweetly among the trees; and you sang too, because you could not help it. Then your bright angel was among the flowers mingling its song with your joyous note; happy because you were happy. When infancy ripens into childhood and youth, your kind attendant ever hovers near, protecting you when exposed to danger, keeping you from evil, holding out every inducement to

make you good and happy. When childhood is lost in manhood—when the light, gladsome scenes of youth are merged in the busy cares of riper days; thinkest thou that thy guardian spirit will take its flight from earth—that it will cease to watch o'er thee? Never; not for one moment even. It will ever attend you, joying in your joy—sorrowing in your sorrow—and oh! if it ever finds thee deviating from the path of truth and right, how will it mourn and weep.

Yes, thy kind angel will weep, if thou doest wrong; for good spirits weep when children do wickedly. But what is the name of this dear good angel: for

“There is an angel, who from Heaven comes,

“To bless and comfort all the little ones.

“Guess who it is, so good and mild,

“And gentle to each little child?

“I'll tell thee — It came from God above,

“And the spirit's name is Mother's Love.”

No spot upon earth is too lone, too dark, too drear, too cold, too warm, too rugged, too barren, too desolate to be cheered by this pure angel. Where'er the human family is, there is this good spirit to cheer with its bright whisperings, making still happier the good, and seeking to reclaim the wandering. Desolate indeed would be our world were it not for this kind, loving angel. No spirit of darkness has yet had power to drive it from earth; but one dark spirit is flapping its wings over the land destroying all that is lovely; and the better to accomplish his purpose would drive this pure spirit entirely from our world.

A little story will tell you what this spirit is. Not many years since in the northern part of Ohio, a woman

with her infant was seen hurrying on, heedless of what was going on around her. Care, deep anxiety and sorrow marked her countenance. Her eyes were cast upon the ground and though the earth was green in beauty, she knew it not ; though the birds sang sweetly around her, she heard them not. One thought alone seemed hers, as she pressed closer to her bosom her darling infant. None on earth seemed to care for her ; no spirit from heaven seemed near save the gentle angel who whispered hope, as on she hastened. But dread sounds fall upon the ear of the poor wanderer ; a shriek of horror escapes her lips, and despair takes possession. The man-stealer, the woman-whipper, the cradle-robber is near ; the foul spirit of slavery closely pursues, and so ugly his form, so black is the spirit, so fiendish his breath ; that with fear and trembling the gentle angel so fraught with blessings to earth fled away. For a moment it seemed ready to forsake our world ; and to return amid its pure associates above. As if wavering in air, it still hovered to see if nought could be done for the helpless little one.

The mother's arms relaxed their hold ; upon a bridge alone, she left her babe and fled. That poor slave mother, who for weeks and months had travelled on, spending the days in caves and woods, at night speeding on her way, hoping that her child might not be a slave, now leaves it, as the hounds in human shape are barking on her track and near upon their prey.

Toil, care, want, poverty, sickness, famine, pestilence, disease alone or together cannot drive from us our blessed guardian angel ; but so black, so foul, so wicked, is the demon spirit slavery, that even the pure bright spirit flies in terror ; but it comes back again. The poor

mother is dragged back to the prison house of bondage ; but the blessed angel watches over the baby, and still protects it. Will not you do all that you can to banish the wicked spirit slavery from our world ; so that good angels may ever dwell with us ? As ever—yours and the children's friend,

B. M. C.

THE MADONNA.

MANY of our young friends are familiar with copies of Raphael's famous medallion picture of the Madonna della Sedia, which so often decorates the walls of private apartments, the hall of the Athenæum and the brooches of their mothers. In this beautiful representation of the holy virgin, she appears sitting on a chair, holding the infant Jesus, whose countenance she watches in silent rapture, while the young John by her side is devoutly gazing on him. The expression of the three faces is made eloquent in words, by the following lines from the German of Wackenroder.

The same author describes in the second stanzas the picture of the wise men bringing their gifts to the infant Jesus.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE UTTERED BY THE MARIA DELLA SEDIA.

WHY then am I so richly, over blest,
Why set apart for happiness supreme,
Such as this earth before knew never ?
I sink beneath the greatness of my joy,

My thanks! they cannot be expressed in words,
Not tears nor noisy rapture suit my soul;
With smiles alone and deepest pensive love,
Upon the God-child I repose and gaze.
Mine eyes refuse to lift themselves to Heaven,
To God all merciful they cannot rise,
But ceaseless, and with ever new delight,
In heart-felt ecstasy, they watch the child,
Who sporting wakes and toys upon my lap.
Ah me! What things, mysterious, mighty,
As yet undreamed of by this babe,
Look forth upon me from his deep blue eyes,
And all the magic of his little ways.
Alas! What I should say I know not,
No more, no more upon the earth I seem to dwell,
While conscious of the blissful certainty,
That I, even I, am mother of this child!

II. THE JESUS CHILD.

Pretty and bright the world around me lies,
Yet with me 'tis not as with other babes,
Sport and glee are not for me,
My little hands, they do not clutch,
I never scream in rapture.
For all that liveth,
Goes and comes before mine eyes, like shadow work
And cunning sorcery.
But yet within, I'm blithe and glad,
And I think with myself of more beautiful things,
Than ever I can tell.

III. LITTLE JOHN.

Ah! Let me too adore him, the Jesus-child!
Oh how sweet, and full of innocence,

Nestles he on his mother's heart.
To Thee, dear God in Heaven, to Thee my prayers I offer,
To Thee my thanks,
Thee would I praise for all thy matchless blessings,
And humbly crave thy mercy to descend on me.

II. THE THREE MAGI.

Lo! from a far-off orient region,
Fed by the brightness of a star divine,
We come, three Magi, from the distant East,
Whence the sun issues in his glorious might,
In search of wisdom at her fountain head.
Year after year we've led a pilgrim life,
And long and deeply pondered in our souls.
The Lord of all things, to reward our toil,
Sceptres and crowns has graciously bestowed,
With all the honors of the hoary head,
And blessed the efforts of our laboring minds.
But now, we hither come, lured from afar,—
From lands where first the sun begins his race,
To lay the gathered wisdom of our years,
Our stores of knowledge and our love of life,
Low in the dust, alas! in humble shame,
Before thy feet, thou wondrous, glorious Child!
And in our regal robes adorned with gold,
Our hoary heads in rev'rend homage bowed,
With deepest awe we kneel before thy face,
And pay our worship and our vows to thee.
Myrrh too, and frankincense we bring,
The outward signs of inward love profound;
Gifts which express the homage of our souls,
And suit the largeness of our wordly state.

MARY.

Ah praise Him! Oh my soul, praise the Lord,
He it is that hath made me so great,
So exalted above all the people,
That I have given birth to this dear child,
Now on my bosom playing.
Him the Magi come to worship,
Drawn from the distant orient morning.
Ah me! The wondrous sight o'erpowers my vision,
And my heart breaks,
At the deep wisdom of their rev'rend age,
Low in the dust before the child.
Humble, they bow the knee,
Their hoary heads to earth inclining,
And dragging on the ground their mantles' regal splendor,
Gold, and frankincence and myrrh,
They bring with them as gifts—
Gifts to the child! how great and glorious!
Oh! blest and joyful is his mother's spirit!
And yet these sages I can never thank,
Nor praise for all their wondrous graciousness.
I cannot even raise mine eyes to Heaven,
Though yet, all glorious and mighty things
Stand ever present to my inmost thought.

THE JESUS CHILD.

How fair must be that land remote,
Whence the bright sun in glory comes,
For noble are the men thereof!
Yet why so aged and so grand?
Ah! for their deep experience,
They wear these gilded royal robes,
These hoary heads of silver hair,

And wondrous are the offerings,
Which they to me have hither brought,
Before me too, they kneel in homage ;
Most strange appear these men to me,
And what to say I do not know,
Nor how I am to call them.

L. O.

ANGEL CHILDREN.

N O. I V.

" Buttercups and Daisies—
Oh the pretty flowers !
Coming ere the Spring time,
To tell of sunny hours !"
" Coming ere the Spring time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who ruleth all things well !"

Now shall we play vacation, little friends ? And will you go with the teacher in imagination to a beautiful and happy home in Brookline, and study our new lesson there ?

Charlie F. cannot be described by one flower. He was like a bright collection of Spring's laughing, fearless little favorites, and Brookline seemed to be his garden home. I have quoted "Sweet Mary Howitt's" singing, musical words, because they seem to sing of just such a beaming face and gladsome heart as his.

The first time I ever saw Charlie, was on a sunny

Autumn afternoon, when with several friends, I took a long walk to see his mother and sisters. Every thing around us on that day appeared to be tuned into harmony with happy spirits. The dark green woods behind the house were gaily dressed in wreaths of crimsoned Ivy ; the garden was still blooming with Autumn flowers, and the Frost Spirit as he touched the trees, seemed to deck them in more brilliant robes, and breathe into them a merrier life. We were interrupted in our quiet parlor talk, by Charlie's sudden entrance announcing breathlessly, in broken words, that a favorite horse—"Jeanette," I think—had broken loose from the stable and was galloping off down the road. His dark curly hair was waving back from his forehead, his rosy cheeks were flushed with excitement, and his bright black eyes sparkled merrily with the important news. The appearance of strange guests soon tranquilized him however, and he shook hands with each, as he was introduced by his sister, quickly forgetting the runaway horse in earnest talk with new friends. The Teacher, he for a long time afterward designated by that title, a young student from Cambridge who was with us, he used to talk about, as "the boy who is going to be a minister." He was then five years old, and on his birth-day had made what he called a pledge, never to get into a passion or tell a falsehood. His mother was speaking of his school, and said that Charlie's great difficulty there was, in seeing the other children punished. He was constantly anxious lest he should unknowingly transgress some of the rules, and it frightened him to see the scholars suffer any punishment. Charlie, who had been an unnoticed listener, was a manly boy ; he did not like that the word

fear should be applied to him. His cheek flushed as he hastily denied being afraid. "Oh Charlie! you forget your pledge!" gently remonstrated one of his sisters. He smiled, and made some quiet answer which I have forgotten, but which seemed to thank her for the remembrance.

After that visit, I used frequently to hear from Charlie by his sister's letters, and occasionally I saw his happy face for a short time. In one of these letters she speaks of "his deep love for flowers, and all beautiful things." "During our first spring in Brookline," she writes, "he used to be constantly bringing his apron and arms full of dandelion and buttercup blossoms, and putting them in tumblers all over the house. I said once, "Oh Charlie! don't bring in any more of those old flowers." He looked up, opening his dark eyes in perfect wonder, and said, "Why Susan, they are not old flowers—they are beautiful blossoms!" Just after which time, he came running into the house, all breathless with delight, saying, "Oh run, Susy, here's a *whole tree* full of violets!" It was a cherry tree in bloom, which he had not seen before.

She wrote me too, of how much and how earnestly he used to pray, and of "his perfect faith and trust in God as his Heavenly Father. It seems to me, just the spirit which we all need." One morning at the breakfast table, Mother told him that if the next day should be pleasant, he should go with her to visit his cousins at N. He stopped a moment, and looked at me with a half doubtful look, then, very seriously folded his hands together, and raised his eyes towards the window, saying, "Pray God, make it a pleasant day tomorrow." The next day *was* pleasant, and he seems to think that God had answered him.

Another time F—— had been naughty, and was punished. After I had put Charlie to bed that night, and left the room, I overheard him praying very earnestly : “ Oh God ! *do* make my brother F. a good boy. *Do* make him try not to displease his father, and make him *good* ! ” He used to pray too, for “ the poor slaves and the poor Indians.”

At the time when the Cherokees were sent from their old homes farther west, I shall never forget the expressions in many of his prayers.

“ Oh God ! *Do* please to make us white people kind to the poor Indians, and not drive them away off ; and may we have no more slaves nor war ; and may all the guns and cannons, and swords and pistols and daggers, (and he went on mentioning every murderous instrument he ever heard of), ‘ be beat into ploughs,’ (meaning ploughshares). May there be peace all over the world, and may every body love one another.”

“ One evening,” a letter tells me, “ as I was putting him to bed and talking with him about Jesus, Charlie asked, ‘ Well, if I should try all the time, *very hard* while I am a little boy, and *harder still* when I am a man, could not *I* be a Jesus ? ’ When I told him that Jesus had promised to be the brother of all good people who tried to do his will, he seemed greatly delighted—said he knew he could keep from being naughty, if he remembered that. The next day he evidently bore it in mind, for he would frequently stop in the midst of doing something which perhaps was not quite right, and look up at me with his soul-speaking eyes, saying, ‘ I remember, sister Susan.’ I noticed the effect of it for sometime

afterward, in a greater thoughtfulness and a more quickened conscience."

It was two years after my first visit that I saw Charlie for the last time. I had just started with a favorite friend of his, on a long journey, and in passing through Boston, stopped at his father's house to bid them all good bye. Charlie's unquenchable gladness had been somewhat subdued by frequent partings. A favorite sister had been married and left her home, and on the wedding day, in the middle of the most pure and loving joy, his sobs and tears were sad to witness. He could only understand that she was going away, and his touching complaint was, "I have lost my sister!" "No, but you have gained a new brother, Charlie!" This oft repeated consolation at length had the desired effect, and the smiles shone forth again. Soon after, his father left him to be absent for the winter, and "Charlie's loving embrace on the morning of his departure, was one," his sister wrote, "which father will never forget. He was sitting on the sofa, and C. was just going to school. He jumped up behind him, put his arms around his neck, looked in his face so lovingly, and then kissed him for the last time!" Our kiss too was the last from his loving lips, though we never dreamed of it as such, for he was off to school that day, full of life and health and quiet joy. There was a peaceful, thoughtful beauty in his face which told of good resolutions and a watching conscience. He was learning to love his spirit's home, and how could we mourn when the tidings came to us that he was so soon taken there? He was only sick a week, and I will copy for you some of the beautiful things which his sister wrote to us of those days, and of their sorrow at his death.

The first letter was dated on Thanksgiving day ; ("the first Thanksgiving," it says, "on which our home circle has been broken up") and begins thus :—" 'It is well with the child,' for God has transplanted the blessed one to the fields of light ; and it should be well with us, for we *know* he is with Jesus, and we do bless and praise God, for the sweet memory of his short, but pure and bright life. It is beautiful to think that he never had in health or sickness any dread of death. He has frequently of his own accord, talked with us on the subject, and had the happiest thoughts about it. The last time I went to Mount Auburn with him and some of my Sunday School children, I showed him our 'resting place,' and told him that there, by the side of our little brother and sister, would he and I, and all of us be buried. He looked on thoughtfully and said, 'Our bodies—not our spirits.' "

In one letter she told how gentle and obedient, how *earnestly good* he had been growing for months, and in another, how full of pure and happy thoughts was the last week of his life.

"During his sickness he wanted us to sing to him all the sweet, holy hymns he knew, and was soothed by them. He especially loved, 'Are we almost there ?' and 'The Virgin and her Child,' sung to that same tune which Sarah S. used to sing to him so sweetly. The last verse he would join in, and emphasize,—particularly the line, 'For she knew he was with Jesus !' He often asked too, for those poems of Motherwell's which Henry used to read him. 'The Water,' 'On, forever on !' and one or two others gave him great pleasure."

"On Sunday morning, hearing some disturbance from

the boys in the street, he said, 'I should'nt think those boys knew it was Sunday.' Then he asked to hear the stories of Joseph and Samuel—his favorite Sunday stories. He said that morning, that he did not think he should get well, adding that he was not afraid to die—he should like to go to Heaven and live with Jesus. All that he had heard of Jesus seemed to grow more dear to him, in his sickness, and he loved to hear it again and again. Monday morning he said, 'I shall die soon and leave father and mother,' and when asked if he were willing to live or die as God thought best, he answered very sweetly, 'Yes!'"

The next day, he was too weak to talk at all, and appeared unconscious most of the time, though occasionally he would revive and murmur something which they could not understand. Once or twice they caught the words 'Home! Home! I want to go home!' once he added, 'and I want mother to go with me.' Of this his sister writes,

"Do you not remember how he loved, 'The Remembered Home,' by Mrs. Child? He read and read it over and over again, especially the poetry—the songs which the little boy heard,

'Follow, follow, lonely one
Ever toward the rising sun.' &c.

'The Remembered Home' seemed to haunt him, and when he kept murmuring 'Home! Home! I want to go Home!' I think the little allegory suggested the feeling. Dear, dear little fellow! so many things keep crowding into mind, of him, and all so delightful to dwell upon!

"He died on Tuesday evening, his last words being like breathings of music, added to his longings for home.

'Bye and bye'—'Bye and bye'—so sweetly touching, I shall never forget them."

"I felt happy then. I thought of him as entering the mansion above, led perhaps by his little angel brother and sister, who long ago were called home. I felt that he would look upon us, and wonder why we wept when he was so happy, and I could think and speak of him then with smiles as well as tears. Even now, at times, I have that blissful feeling, but oh, how the heart aches and longs for one more embrace of the dear form, one more glance from those loving eyes!"

Charlie was buried in beautiful Mount Auburn, and the soft-falling snow covered his grave, as with an angel's robe of light. But his spirit truly is with Jesus and happy angel children in the heavenly home. We ask for them not again—but let us not forget them dear children—Let Heaven be ever our Remembered Home, that there, "bye and bye," when our Father wishes, we too may "want to go," and meet once more their sweet faces, joining forever in their angelic joy. Can we not almost imagine them singing to us, the beautiful Sunday School Hym?

"Come to this happy home!"

Hear Jesus say;

Jesus bids children come,

He leads the way!

Come, for this home will prove

A Father's house above,

The home of Christian love,

Love, Love for aye."

WE'RE BRETHREN A'.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
And ilk said to his neighbor, in cottage and ha',
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

I ken na why one wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'budy cozie and right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, Gi'e me your hand—we're brethren a'.

My coat is a coarse one, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithful deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' naught else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as well as I can;
We are one in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

40 HOW SAINT ELOY WAS CURED OF VANITY.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mothers can lo'e;
And mine has done for me what mothers can do;
We are one high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same summer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! oh how we love it, an' a' that are there!
From the pure air of heaven the same life we draw--
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syn'e into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

HOW SAINT ELOY WAS CURED OF VANITY.

A LEGEND OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH OF DUMAS.

ABOUT the year 610, Eloy, who was then a young man, twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, dwelt in the city of Limoges. From his youth he had manifested an extraordinary aptitude for the mechanic arts, but as he was poor, he had remained a simple blacksmith. It is true, that in his hands, such was his remarkable skill, his trade almost became an art. The iron he forged, and which he could finish in three heatings, moulded itself

into wonderfully elegant curves, and shone like polished silver; the nails by which he fixed his shoes to the horses' feet were cut like diamonds, and their heads were worthy to be set in gold. The possession of such skill, which astonished every body, ended in exalting the workman himself. Vanity turned his head, and forgetting that God raises or abases us at his good pleasure, he caused a sign to be made, on which he was represented shoeing a horse, and with this inscription—"Eloy, master of masters, master above all."

This boasting inscription made a great noise; and as Eloy had customers, merchants, and knights, and pilgrims, from all parts of the country, it excited a great clamor of indignation among his brother workmen, until it even reached to Paradise itself, and came to the ears of St. Isambert. Now this good saint, who as he had been a blacksmith upon earth, remained their patron in Heaven, casting his eyes upon Eloy and seeing that he was truly an excellent master of his trade, desired to cure him of his folly, and to save him from the punishment which it must incur. Taking upon himself, therefore, his old form, he came down from Heaven, and staff in hand he entered the shop of Eloy whom he found busily at work.

"God be with you, Master."

"Amen," said Eloy, without looking up.

"Master," said the saint, "I am travelling through France, and every where I hear the praises of your skill, so that thinking there was no one but you who could show me any thing new"—

"Ah! Ah!" said Eloy, casting up a look upon him, and continuing to hammer his iron.

"Will you take me for a journeyman?" humbly asked the saint. "I have come to offer you my services."

"And what do you know?" asked Eloy, dropping the shoe to which he just given the finishing blow, and throwing aside his pincers.

"I can forge and shoe as well as any one in the world, I think."

"Without exception?" asked Eloy disdainfully.

"Without exception," tranquilly replied the saint.

Eloy began to laugh.

"What do you think of this shoe?" he asked, complacently showing the one he had just finished.

The saint looked at it—"It is not bad; but I think a better can be made."

Eloy bit his lip. "And in how many heats could you make a shoe like that?"

"In one."

Eloy laughed; as we have said, he needed three and others required five or six.

"And will you show me how you do it?" said he, in a jeering tone.

"Willingly, master," said the saint, and taking a lump of iron in the pincers, and putting it in the forge, he blew the fire, which stifled at first under the coals, sent forth little blue jets of flame then thousand of sparks, and the reddening flame seized the food that was offered it: from time to time the skilful assistant sprinkled the fire, which, darkened for a moment, directly took new force and a livelier color. Soon the saint took the iron almost white from the fire, and placing it on the anvil, and turning it with one hand while he fashioned it with the other, with a few blows he gave it a form and finish

which that of Eloy was far from approaching. The thing had been so quickly done that the poor master of masters had only seen the fire.

"Here is the shoe," said the saint.

Eloy took it in the hope of discovering some defect, but nothing was wanting; so, though with very bad grace, he could not help acknowledging its excellence.

"Yes," said he, turning it over and over, "not bad—come, for a simple journeyman, this is pretty well. But," continued he, hoping to catch the saint at fault, "it is not all to know how to fashion a shoe; you must know how to apply it to the horse's foot. I think you told me you knew how to shoe."

"Yes, master," quietly answered the saint.

"Ah well! we will judge of that directly. Here at the door is the horse of the tax-gatherer, who requires shoeing all round."

"The very thing," replied the saint.

"Tie the horse up," cried Eloy, to his apprentice.

"O, that is not necessary," said the saint, "I have a fashion of my own which saves much time and trouble."

"And what is your fashion?" said Eloy, astonished.

"You will see." At these words he drew a knife from his pocket, raised one of the horse's hind legs, cut off the left foot at the first joint, put it in the vice, nailed on the shoe, put the shod foot again to the leg, to which it immediately attached itself, cut off the right foot, repeated the same ceremony with the same success, and so on to the two others, without the animal appearing to be troubled the least in the world at this new and extraordinary proceeding. As to Eloy, he stood stupefied with astonishment till the operation was accomplished.

"Here master," said the saint, as he fitted on the last foot.

"I see," said Eloy, doing all he could to conceal his astonishment.

"Did not you know this way?" carelessly asked the saint.

"Ye-yes, I have heard it spoken of, but I have always preferred the other."

"You are wrong; this is the most convenient and expeditious."

Eloy, as one may suppose, had no desire to send away so skilful an assistant; besides, he feared that if he did not engage him he would establish himself somewhere in the neighborhood, and he could not conceal from himself that he would be a formidable rival; he therefore hastened to offer his terms, which were accepted, and the saint was installed in the workshop as first journeyman.

The next morning Eloy sent him into a neighboring village to execute some commissions which required a skilful hand. He had scarcely disappeared at the turning of the street, when Eloy set himself to thinking deeply of this new method of shoeing horses that he had just learned. He had watched the operation with the greatest care, and had remarked at what joint the amputation had been made. He did not lack, as we have said, great confidence in himself, and he resolved to take the first opportunity to put in practice the lesson he had just learned.

It soon presented itself. In the course of an hour a knight, armed at all points, rode up at Eloy's door. His horse had cast a hind shoe, and attracted by the reputation of the master, he had driven straight to him. He

came from Spain, and was on his way to England, where he had weighty business. He fastened his horse to one of the iron rings of the shop, and recommending Eloy to make haste, entered a neighboring inn and demanded a pot of beer.

Eloy thought that as this job required haste, it was just the occasion to employ the new method he had seen so successfully practised the evening before. So taking his sharpest knife, and applying it once more to the whetstone, he raised the horse's leg, and hitting the joint with great exactness, he cut off the foot just above the hoof.

The operation had been so skilfully performed that the poor animal, who suspected nothing, had not had time to oppose it, or even to perceive it, till informed by the pain : but then he sent forth a neigh so loud and plaintive that it reached the ears of his master, who rushing from the inn and entering the forge, saw his steed with difficulty supporting himself on the three legs that remained, and holding up the other, from which was flowing a stream of blood, while Eloy was tranquilly shoeing the fourth foot in his vice. He thought the master was mad, but Eloy quickly told him that it was a new fashion he had adopted, and showing him the foot which was now shod, approached the horse and attempted to attach it to the leg, as his companion had done the evening before. The poor horse had now lost so much blood that he had lain down half dead. Eloy joined the foot to the leg, but, under his hand nothing succeeded. To his dismay the foot was now quite cold, and the poor beast hardly showed any sign of life.

A cold sweat covered the forehead of the master. He felt that he was lost, and not wishing to survive his repu-

tation, he drew the knife which had so well fulfilled its office, and was about to bury it in his bosom when he felt his arm arrested, and looking round he saw the saint. He had finished his commissions with the same promptitude and the same skill he had shown in his other operations, and had returned two hours before Eloy expected him. "What are you doing, master?" said he in a severe tone.

Eloy made no reply, but pointed with his finger to the expiring horse.

"Is that all?" said the saint, and taking up the foot, he put it to the leg to which it immediately attached itself: the blood ceased to flow, and the horse rose and neighed with such good will that had it not been for the blood on the ground, one would have sworn nothing had happened to the poor animal just now so ill.

Eloy looked at him for an instant composed and stupefied, and then taking his hammer, went to his sign and broke it in pieces; then returning to the saint, he said, "It is thou who art the master, and I who am the journeyman." "Happy is he who humbleth himself, for he shall be exalted," said the saint, in a voice so sweet and harmonious, that Eloy raised his eyes and saw him surrounded with a glory. He recognized the saint and fell on his knees.

"It is well, I pardon thee," said he, "for I believe thee cured of thy pride. Remain *master of masters*, but remember there is ONE who is Master over all."

With these words he mounted behind the knight and disappeared with him. The knight was Saint George.

W. P. A.

LITTLE THINGS.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be ;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work and despair not ; give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free !

ANON.

CHILD'S HYMN.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
How Jesus came down among men ;
When he call'd little children like lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hand had been placed on my head ;
That his arm had been thrown around me ;
That I might have seen his kind look, when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

ANON.

CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY, like a little child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it, the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow ;—the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and, like the heart-smitten disciple, goes out, and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted, and assurance to the dying.

It enters the huts of poor men, and sits down with them and their children ; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through great cities, amid all their pomp and splendor, their unimaginable pride, and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel.

It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublimest power from its influence.

Thanks to the eternal Father, who has made us one with him, through the benign influence of Christianity.

MARY HOWITT.

ERRATUM—Page 245, vol. vi. (September No.) line 15—for "Solomon," read Jesus.